10-28-2012

Junior Recital: Katrina Kuka, soprano

Katrina Kuka

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs

Part of the Music Commons

Recommended Citation
Kuka, Katrina, "Junior Recital: Katrina Kuka, soprano" (2012). All Concert & Recital Programs. 3835.
https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/3835

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.
Junior Recital:
Katrina Kuka, soprano
Matthew Recio, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday October 28th, 2012
2:00 pm
Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.
Program

Thy hand, Belinda
When I am laid in earth

Auf dem Wasser zu singen
Du bist die Ruh

La Regata Veneziana
Anzoleta avanti la regata
Anzoleta co passa la regata
Anzoleta dopo la regata

Intermission

Les Berceaux
Lied Maritime

Thoughts Unspoken...
1. A Learning Experience Over Coffee
2. You Enter My Thoughts
3. To Speak Of Love
4. Unspoken Thoughts at Bedtime

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance and Music Education. Katrina Kuka is from the studio of Dawn Pierce.
Translations

Lied auf dem Wasser zu singen

Mitten im Schimmer der speigelnden Wellen
gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;
Ach, auf der Freude sanftschimmernden Wellen
gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herap auf die Wellen
tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines
winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines
säuselt der Kalmus im rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines
atmet die Seele im errötenden Schein.

Ach, es entschwindet mit taiugem Flügel
mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit;
Morgen entschwinde mit schimmerndem Flügel
wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit;
Bis ich aud höherem strahlenden Flügel
selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

Songs to be sung upon the water

Amid the shimmer of the mirroring waves
glides, like swans, the swaying rowboat;
Ah, on the joy's gentle-shimmering waves
glides the soul along like the rowboat;
Then from the heaven down onto the waves
dances the sunset around the rowboat.

Over the treetops of the western grove
waves to us kindly the rosy light;
Under the branches of the Eastern grove
murmurs the Calamus in the rosy light;
Joy of the heavens and peace of the grove
breathes the soul in the reddening light.

Ah, it vanishes with dewy wing
from me upon the rocking waves of time;
Tomorrow may vanish on shimmering wing
again, as yesterday and today the time;
Until I on higher radiant wing
myself may vanish with the changing time.
Du bist die Ruh

Du bist die Ruh, der Friede mild,
die Sehnsucht du, und was sie stillt.
Ich weihe dir voll Lust und Schmerz,
zur Wohnung hier mein Aug und Herz.
Kehr ein bei mir und schließe du still hinter dir die Pforten zu.
Treib andern Schmerz aus dieser Brust!
Voll sei dies herts von deiner Lust.
Dies Augenzelt von deinem Glanz allein erhellt,
o füll es ganz!

Anzoleta avanti la regata

Là su la machina xe la bandiera, varda, la vedistu, valaciapar.
Co que la tornime in qua sta sera,
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.
Va voga d'anema la gondoleta,
nè el primo premio te pol mancar.
Va là, recordite la to Anzoleta che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.
In pope, Momolo, cori a svolar.

Anzoleta co passa la regata

I xe qua, vardeli, povereti i ghe da drento, ah contrario tira el vento, i gha l'acqua in so favor.
El mio Momolo, dov'elo? ah lo vedo, el xe secondo. ah! che smania! me confondo, a tremar me sento el cuor.

You are the rest

You are the rest, the gentle peace, you are the yearning, and what quenches it.
I dedicate to you full of pleasure and pain, as a dwelling here my eyes and heart.

Anzoleta before the race

There on the stage is the flag, Look, you can see it, go for it. Come with it back to me before nightfall, Or else into hiding you can run. In the boat, Momolo, do not delay. Go row the gondola with everything you have, then the first prize you can win. Go there, but remember your Anzoleta who, in anxiety, you are to look at. In the boat, Momolo, do not delay. In the boat, Momolo, hurry and fly.

Anzoleta during the race

They are coming, look at them, the poor things, they row hard, ah against them blows the wind, but the tide is in their favor.
My Momolo, where is he? ah I see him, he's in second. ah! what madness! I am confused, I feel my heart trembling.
Su coragio, voga, prima d'esser al paleto, se ti voghi, ghe scometo tutti indrio ti lassarà.

Caro, par che el svola, el li magna tutti quanti, meza barca l'è anda avanti, ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

Have courage, row, before you reach the pole, if you keep rowing, I'll lay a bet that you'll leave all the others behind.

My love, he seems to fly, he is passing everyone, half a boat length he is ahead, ah, I understand, he looked at me.

---

**Anzoleta dopo la regata**

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora, caro Momolo de cuor, qua destrachite che xe ora de sugarte sto sudor.

Ah t'o visto co passando, su mi l'ocio ti a butà e go dito respirando: un bel premio el ciaparà.

Si un bel premio in sta bandiera che xe rossa de color; gha parlà Venezia intiera, la t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto, a vogar nissun te pol, de casada, de tragheto, ti xe el megio barcarol.

---

**Anzoleta after the race**

Take a kiss, another still, dear Momolo of my heart, rest here for it is time to dry your sweat.

Ah I saw you when in passing, to my balcony you glanced at me and I said breathing: a good prize he will win.

Yes a good prize on the stage that is rose-red in color, that all of Venice spoke, she declared you the winner.

Take a kiss, blessed-one, at rowing no-one equals you, of all of the kinds of gondoliers, you are the best boatman.
Les Berceaux

Le long du quai, les grands vaisseaux,
que la houle incline en silence,
ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux,
que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
et que les hommes curieux
tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
ayant le port qui diminue,
sentent leur masse retenue
par l’âme des lointains berceaux.

The Cradles

Along the quay, the great ships,
that the swell rocks in silence,
do not take any notice of the cradles,
that the hands of the women rock.

But will come the day of farewells,
for it is necessary that the women cry,
and that the curious men tempt the horizons that lure them.

And on that day the great ships,
leaving the port that recedes,
shall feel their bulk held back
by the soul of the distant cradles.

Lied Maritime

Au loin, dans la mer, s’éteint le soleil,
et la mer est calme et sans ride;
le flot diapré s’étale sans bruit,
caressant la grève assombrie;

Tes yeux, tes traîtres yeux sont clos;
et mon cœur est tranquille comme la mer.

Au loin, sur la mer, l’orage est levé,
et la mer s’émeut et bouillonne;
le flot jusqu’aux cieux s’érige superbe,
et croule en hurlant vers les abîmes.

Tes yeux, tes traîtres yeux si doux me regardent jusqu’au fond de l’âme,
et mon cœur torturé, mon cœur bienherreux s’exalte et se brise comme la mer!

Sea Song

In the distance, in the sea, the sun is extinguished,
and the sea is calm and without ripple.
The varicolored waves spread out without sound,
caressing the darkened shore.

Your eyes, your treacherous eyes are closed;
and my heart is tranquil like the sea.

In the distance, on the sea, the storm has risen,
and the sea broils and seethes;
The waves rise up to the sky gloriously,
and breaking, crash into the abyss.

Your eyes, your treacherous eyes so gentle look at me into the depths of my soul,
and my tortured heart, my happy heart exalts and it breaks like the sea!
Upcoming Events

October

30 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Ithaca Brass
31 - JJWCM - 6:00pm - Healthy Living For Musicians
31 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Tuba Ensemble

November

2 - Ford - 8:15pm - Family Weekend: Concert Band and Jazz Vocal Ensemble (Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live)
3 - Ford - 4:00pm - Family Weekend: Symphonic Band and Jazz Ensemble (Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live)
4 - Ford - 1:00pm - Family Weekend: Choral Concert (Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live)
5 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase (Webstreamed at www.ithaca.edu/music/live)
7 - Hockett - 6:00pm - “On the Edge” Masterclass with Jean Kopperud
8 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano masterclass
9 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Alan Huckleberry, piano pedagogy lecture
10 - Ford - 7:00pm - Choral Composition Festival
11 - Hockett - 4:00pm - Susan Waterbury, violin Charis Dimaras, piano
11 - Ford - 7:00pm - Taylor Braggins, soprano
12 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres
13 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Flute Choir
13 - Iger - 8:15pm - David Rakowski, Husa Visiting Professor, lecture
14 - Hockett - 8:15pm - Contemporary Chamber Ensemble